often hanling out Miss Florence's portrait from a side-pocket, to gaze at it and kiss if. Even then I thought the adventure I had embarked on a queezene, with little meaning in it, and yet not destitute of a kind of nebula of an idea, either. But what must I think now, looking, as I do, so to speak, through the other end of the telescope, and recall the amazing experiences to which my sojourn at Clifton and Bristol was merely a tender, unevenful introduction! Would I go through it again! Can I conceive of any woman so divine, so stately, so majestical, so illy, white, so bland, so all the rest of it, as to induce me into putting to sea for her lovely and noble sake, and putting shipwrecked! What say ye, mariners! I there any woman worth being shipwrecked for—not in a commercial sense, but literally—annia storm of wind, in the trough of a raging ocean, when the lightning makes a hell of the sooty sky, and the yelling of the hurricane mingling with the cries of the drowning sounds like the voices of fiends triumphing over the agonies of the danned! Answer that, my lively hearties, if so he that you know what it is to be shipwrecked.

I turned in shortly before 12, and reckoned upon a tossing night, instead of which I fell sound asleep, and never opened my eyes until Mrs. Chump rapped upon the door. My lodgings were in a street, and when I rose to shave myself, the lookout over the way formed a very depressing contrast with the bright, fresh seene of trees and flowers I had every morning gazed at from my bedroom in my uncles house. Nevertheless I felt, on the whole, pretty lively, and was in a temper to take a cheerfuller view of my conduct and resolutions than my spirits had allowed me on the previous night. The street gave me but a narrow horizon; but the sky was to be seen overhead, and my mood perhaps came to me from the radiancy and life of it; for there was a strong breeze of wind blowing, and clouds like bursts of cannon-smoke, white and gleaning, were sailing across the blue in stately processions, and the

taken, and to know if I would dine with them that evening.

"No," said I, "do not tempt me. I want to inure myself to solitude. I want to accustom myself to my own company; unless, indeed..."

Sophie understood me. "No," said she, "you will not see Florence."

"Have you written to her?"

"Yes," she answered, putting her hand in her pocket, "and here is her reply." She gave me a little cocked-hat note, the counterpart of the one I possessed. It was dated 10:30, proving that Sophie had written very early indeed, and that Miss Hawke had replied immediately. The little missive trembled in my hand as I read:

"Dearest Sophie,—Papa is out, so I must wait

bled in my hand as I read:

"Dearest Sophie,—Papa is out, so I must wait to tell him that your Consin Jack has left you. I shall not read your letter to him, as there is, really, no reason why he should know that your consin has taken apartments in Bristol. The whole thing is quite absurd enough as it is. I hope to see you soon, and I trust, dear, this foolish anxiety about me on papa's part will not prevent you from calling, as, on my side, I certainly do not intend to let it estrange us. I am very much ashamed that I should have been the cause of your-cousin leaving you. I know how greatly you enjoyed his company; but, though I am the cause, I feel that I am innocently so, and let me assure you that nothing ever suprised and vexed me more than papa's desire that I should not visit you while your cousin remained at your house.

your house.

Yours sincerely,

P. S.—I suppose you will often see your cousin

Poor fellow. I hope he has found nice apartments.

Poor fellow, in that note about you, isn' Poor fellow. I hope he has found nice apartments."

"There's a deal in that note about you, isn't there, Jack ?" said Amelia, after I had read it twice through, and was beginning for the third time.

"There is, indeed." I exclaimed, thrilled by the references: "but what does she mean by saying that the whole thing is quite absurd enough?"

"That her papa's conduct is absurd," answered Sophie.

"That her paper Sophie.
"Are you sure f" said I doubtfully, looking at the sentence in the letter. "You don't think she means mine, do you f" They were both so confident on that head that

They were both so conduct on that head that they vanquished my misgivings. I asked Sophie if she meant to call at Clifton Lodge. She said that if her mamma did not object she would call; that is, of course, if Mr. Hawke allowed Florence to visit them.

"We don't mean to say, Jack," observed Amelia,

our remaining friendly with Florence, because we all consider Mr. Hawke has behaved most insultingly to us. But Sophie and I have talked things over as we came here, and we have agreed, in mamma does not object, to occasionally visit Florence, so as to enable her to call upon us."

"I am afraid your mamma will object," solid to

ence, so as to enable her to call upon us."

"I am afraid your mamma will object," said I.

"She has said none of you could ever dream of calling upon the Hawkes again after what has happened." pened."

"She may change her mind; and if so," said
Sophie, "the arrangement should sait you very

"Why, yes," said I, "if I am to meet Miss Hawke at your house. But will she call knowing her papa's objections? and will not old Hawke stop his daughter's visits when he hears that I am in Bris-tol?"

"You are, really, a very hard person to help,"
"You are, really, a very hard person to help,"
eried Amelia. "Here is a pile of might-be's! If all
that you fear is going to take place, we must salam,
and give your love-troubles up, for what can we
do."

On this I mentally cursed myself for a fool, for

On this I mentally cursed myself for a fool, for was not I one, to go and invent difficulties, and damp the romantic fancies which rendered these cousins my warm allies I Looking humbly at them both, I begged their forgiveness, and promised never to express any more apprehensions nor to entertain any further forchodings, but to take things as they came, and if the wind blew ahead on one tack, to shift the heim and try the other tack.

"There's nothing else to be done," said Sophie:
"for if mamma wou't, and Florence won't, and Mr. Hawke won't—i't it is to be all won't—"

"Then, of course, it must be won't with me," said I, finishing her speech for her.

They stayed awhile chatting, and before leaving asked me again to dine with them. I should have been well pleased to accept the invitation, but considered I would stand a better chance of preserving their esteem and affection if, now that I was out of the house, I did not dose them too often with my company; and, besides, if this courtship of mine was going to involve much waiting, whether it came to anything or not, should I not be dining at their house often enough!

"If ever you want the phacton, or feel disposed for a canter, you have only to send a message, Jack," said Sophie; and then, giving me a tender, sentimental shake of the hand, my consins went away.

I killed the rest of the day in wandering about

I killed the rest of the day in wandering about Bristol, hanging about the docks, where the vessels and the hands at work upon them stirred up scores of old memories; and I also expended a few shillings in the purchase of a small collection of cheap novels. My uncle had put my name down at his club, but, unfortunately, Mr. Hawke was a member of it, and the fear of meeting him was quite enough to keep me clear of those premises. It immeasurably consoled me, however, to reflect that Florence Hawke knew that I was living in Bristol. Why, even if she had no feeling for me outside liking me as an easy-going, light-hearted young fellow, she was bound to take an interest in a man who had surrendered his pleasure and comfort as his uncle's guest because of her papa's fears and prigish jealousy, and had gone to dwell in a two-penny lodging that he might be near her, and able to catch a glimpse of her now and again. It is true that the thought of young Morecopibe living in her house, enjoying her incomparable society, and being backed in his assaults unou her heart by the hattery I killed the rest of the day in wandering about that the thought of young Moreconibe living in her house, enjoying her incomparable society, and being backed in his assaults upon her heart by the battery of her father's wishes, was excessively distracting to a lover so utterly helpless as I was; but I consoled myself by reflecting that she had spoken of the young fellow as a fool, that she had never expressed an atom of regard for him, and that my cousins were fully of opinion that Mr. Hawke would never induce his daughter to accept the man as a hosband.

would never induce his daughter to accept the man as a husband.

But, taking it all round, I give you my word it was anything but the jolliest time of my life. Often would I pull out Florence's likeness and look at it, and ask myself why fate had ordained that she should cross my path, instead of allowing me to remain the gay-hearted youth who was kicking his beels, up to a recent period, about the West End of London, and turning in night after night without a trouble to ruffle the screnity of his simple mind? During the evening that followed my cousins' visit, I very well remember sticking Miss Florence's photograph on the top of a hot-water jug, the open lid of which supported its back and enabled me to view it with my hands in my pockets; and there it stood up before me like a fetichiout, oh, shipmates! the beautiful, drooping profile! the lovely swell of the figure! the rich, tender, speaking eye downward bent, hollowest phantasm of

the exquisite reality as it was!)—while I soliloquized as though I were making my devotions before the goddess; and I well recollect wondering whether it would not be better for me to end this business by packing my portmanteau and going away to London next morning, instead of languishing in these lodgings, dependent upon my cousins for the privilege of even seeing Miss Florence, and of eventually, maybe, sinking into a species of idiocy, only to be rewarded in the end by receiving a piece of Mrs. Florence Morecombe's wedding-cake to put under my pillow. My love, thought I, is but a milk-tooth now: a small pull will whip it away; but, if I let it grow, it will become a lumping big grinder, with several enormous fangs, so that the very devil himself might fail to haul it out; and if it should decay, heavens! what agony must I suffer? What ought I to do then? But guess what sort of common sense I had in those days w,hen you notice that I tried to reason with Florence's lovely face mounted on a hot-water jug plump under my nose! How was it possible for me to form any safe resolution—to act like a man who was determined to be master of himself, while the image of the sweetest of faces and figures, the portrait of the woman I adored, stood up in front of me to paralyze every little thamping straggle my heart gave to regain its liberty! "No!" thought I, snatching up th beautiful picture and kissing it; "it's too late—I'm in for it—I'll keep all fast;" and, pocketing the photograph, I drank to my own health, lighted a pipe, and fell to one of the half-dozen novels I had purchased. chased.

### CHAPTER X.

MY UNCLE DAMPS MY HOPES. Nothing particular, as ship-masters say, when they depone to disasters, happened for the next three days. I recollect calling at my uncle's house and finding everybody out; also killing a morning by a trip to Portishead, attending a morning service in the cathedral in the vague, utterly idle hope of seeing Miss Hawke there. Had I been in Bristol merely as a lounging visitor, with an unoccupied mind, on the lookout for amusement, I should have immensely enjoyed the old city, for it is as picturesque a place as a man need wish to see; full of gable-roofed houses belonging to ancient times, and quaint side-streets; and, above all, it gives you the interests of a big port close to your door, in the shape of ships which come up into the heart of the town and mingle their spars and flags with chimney-pets and steeples.

But my mind never was unoccupied. I wandered

about like a dog that has lost its master, staring at people and into carriages, in hopes of catching a glimpse of Plorence Hawke, with my mind so full of plans and plots, of hopes and fears, of determination and irresolution, that had Bristol been built by the slaves of Aladdin in' a night I should have mooned and gaped along the pavements without giving the least attention to the miracle.

On the afternoon of the third day I returned to my lodgings, having been down to Portishead to have a look at old ocean, and found my little parlor fogged with tobacco-smoke, in the midst of which sat my uncle, blowing clouds from a large meerschaum. This was his first visit, and when I entered, instead of saying: "How do you do?" he exclaimed: "Shut the door behind ye, Jack. I don't want your landlady to hear me laugh. Man! you want your landlady to hear me laugh. Man! you must be deeply in love to put ap with this. Dash my butions! you don't call this a room, do ye! Why, if Florence was to catch sight of this match-box, darned if I don't think she'd be giving you her hand and heart slick away off out of mercy, so as to get you out of this butter-box of a hole."

"Small as it is," said I, "I'm glad to see you in it. How are you?" and we shook hands, after which I opened the window.

"And what headway are you making?" said he.

How are you?" and we shook hands, after which I opened the window.

"And what headway are you making?" said he.

"I'm very comfortable here." I replied. "Not equal to gour palace, but good enough for a spell-clean, quiet, respectable and cheap."

"I don't mean that," said he. "What are you doing in this love-business? are you forging ahead at all?"

"I can't say I am," I replied, feeling exceedingly foolish.

"Have you met Florence since you left us?" he asked. "Not once."

"Not once,"
"Have you seen her, then?"
"No."
"Neither met her nor seen her!" he cried. "What

"No."

"Neither met her nor seen her?" he cried. "What are you doing, then—writing to her?"

I shook my head: these questions were aboutinably mortifying, and made me feel horribly absurd.

"Theu," said he, "in the name of Jerusalem, what are you stopping in this rat-hole for?" looking around him. "Has any one invented a new method of making love since I was young, by which two people can grow desperately attached by never seeing, by never hearing and never writing to each other? If not, then come back to my house, Jack; don't go and ruin the reputation of the Seymours for intellect by hiding in a small-shell and pretending that you are courting."

My dignity was touched. "Pardon me," I observed, somewhat loftliy; "you know the policy I intended to adopt. I am content to wait, Mr. Alphonso Hawke is not an apple-tree that I can turn to and shake him until the particular fruit I want falls at my feet. His daughter knows I love her; she knows I am living in Bristol for her sake."

"But what's that got to do with it?" he exclaimed. "If you never meet her, if you never see her, if you don't correspond with her, what's to come of your lodging in this ovster-shell?"

"I 'am in my cousins' hands," said L. "Florence Hawke and I will meet, depend upon it; and when we do, you bet that Jack Seymour hasn't withdrawn into this oyster-shell, as you call it, for nothing."

"Look here, my lad," said he, speaking very kindly, and with a touch of apology in his voice

we do, you bet that Jack Seymour hasn't withdrawn into this cyster-shell, as you call it, for nothing."

"Look here, my lad," said he, speaking very kindly, and with a touch of apology in his voice that was almost alarming. "I den't want to discourage you, you know that."

"Yes, I know that."

"There's no reason." he continued, "why you shouldn't win this girl, though, mind, you'll do nothing by sitting down in this smull-box of a chamber with a pipe in your mouth, or taking a turn along a few fathoms of pavement. D'ye remember that I lectured you once on sincerity? well, it cased my mind, and ever since I've somehow felt you're to be trusted: my notion being that if Florence choeses to fancy you, she'll find you an A I husband, built above the usual requirements, copperfastened, and something fit to handle. Money she oughtn't to want; and, if her father cuts her off, you must go to work and double your income, and that'll do for the present. So you see, my boy, I don't want to discourage you."

"But what do you want to say, then f" said I, wondering what he was aiming at, now that he had made all these admissions.

"Why," said he, looking a bit nervons, "you just now scale of "our consus beling you." Well I

wondering what he was aiming at, now that he had made all these admissions.

"Why," said he, looking a bit nervous, "you just now spoke of your consins helping you. Well, I have no objection. I have no objection. I have no objection, and do not know why I should be expected to appland Mr. Hawke's views and support them, You're a gentleman—poor, but not a beggar; you have something to offer Florence even if she came to you without a stiver. Isn't that so ?"

"I have two hundred and fifty a year," said I.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "and youth also, which is always worth money. If you were a dissolute fellow, if you were a twopenny rascal, if I thought you weren't worth the love of such a girl as Florence, if I reckoned you'd like to get her not for her

always worth money. If you were a dissolute fellow, if you were a twopenny rascal, if I thought you weren't worth the love of such a girl as Florence, if I reckoned you'd like to get her not for her heart's sake, but for what she'd bring along with her, does any man who knows me suppose I would lift a finger to help you to foul old Hawke, by running athwart his hawse? My boy, if I lifted anything, it would be my foot, to give ye a hoist out of the way of the charming girl. Mind, Jack, I don't want to say anything to disconrage you."

"I'm following you anxiously," said I.

"The fact is, nephew, your annt and I are not agreed. She is for respecting Mr. Hawke's wishes to the extent of our doing nothing to bother him. She is very fond of you, Jack; ay, and prond of you, my boy, as a relative; but she doesn't think it would be consistent with our dignity-for your courses to meidle in a business that's already caused old Hawke to insult us."

"I do not biame her" said I.

"It is not my fault," continued he, growing more and more apolegetic, and looking very sorry; "it was I who told you you might count upon your cousins. But my wife objects, and she must have her way. She has consented to their calling on Florence, but on the distinct understanding that they take no messages no notes."

"You may depend upon it," said I, speaking coolly, but feeling frightfully chagrined, "that her requests are law to me. I beg that you will give her my love, and assure her that the same resolution that forced me from her hospitable house will enable me most strictly to respect her wishes."

"For God's sake." he burst out, "don't be too polite, Jack, or you'll make me think you're satirical."

"No, no," said I, "I am too fond of you all to try my clumsy fist at satire."

"I know you are, and we're equally fond of you, and what I want to know now is, whether, seeing that it wouldn't be proper for your cousins to help you in this job, is it worth your while to go on bothering yourself over it? Act sensibly, man I give up these lodgings

bothering yourself over it? Act sensibly, man! give up these lodgings, come to my house, and, when you've had enough of us, return to London."

"A thousand thanks for your kindness, uncle; but—what!" I shouted; "surrender my love, my hopes, my chances, by living in a house on the understanding that I must never meet Florence Hawke, or, if I meet her, that I must never speak to her or take notice of her, lest I should excite her father's suspicions of your neighborliness, and lead him to suppose you are keeping me with you for the purpose of annoying him? My dear uncle, you once called me a swab; do you really think I am one?"

He laughed heartily, and said; "Well, well; I see how it is. One must needs go when the devil drives. How you'll manage to get along I don't know; but, I daresay, in its time love has triumphed over bigger difficulties than any you're likely to encounter. Indeed, I once knew a man who, to come at the object of his affections, had not only to fight his own and the lady's family—the two families combined mustering no less than two-and-twenty souls—but the family of a justice of the peace, and the relations of a medical widower. He beat'em

all. His triumph was wonderful! There was no bolting, no seudding away; he married the girl calmly and legitimately, and you may make an Irish hash of me, Jack, if the wedding guests didney cousist of all the people he had in a moral sense knocked on the head, and over whose bodies he had erawled on his road to the altar. Take that fable to heart," said he, "and moralize it."

My conversation with him, however, lad not left me in a very moralizing mood. He lingered a little talking and langhing—in truth, he saw that he had made me despondent, and wanted to leave me in the humor to enjoy his hospitality, but promised in the humor to enjoy his hospitality, but promised to spend the following afternoon and evening at he mey and this being settled he werening at hense; and this being settled he werening at heave to suffer any wonld in this wide world to make me unhappy while I remained a backler, as it was time enough for a man to begin to feel miserable when he was married.

I had counted so fully unon the good offices of my consins, upon their williamness to convey letters and messages, upon their womanly capacity of interesting Florence in me by their talk of my devotion, my admiration of her am he like, that upon my word, mates, the thought had been a guestle to me affected me touch a degree that hang me if I am not ashamed trinink of it. What was I to do soo! No doub I had the sympathy of my relations, but their neutrality was almost as bad as active hostility; so that practically I stood alone. I was without a friend, without any means of communicating with my darling, unless, indeed, I bodily wrote to her at her papa's house, which might have been a resolution very easy to carry out but not for a mouer how her with a humbred who would not have withdrawn what he bestnate one, and sanguine

again.

No one who has been in love but will sympathize with the feelings which mastered me at this period, and follow with emotion the various postures of mind into which my passion forced me.

### CHAPTER XI. I POUR OUT MY SOUL.

What sort of man was Mr. Reginald Morecombe ! Was he short or tall? good-looking or plain? a real fool, or with as much sense as most youths have? That he wore his hair parted down the middle, that he dressed himself in stick-up collars (no great vice), that he used an eye-glass, and talked of blood with the complacency of a gentleman whose private conviction is that people of humble extraction wander through life with their veins filled up with water, I had heard; but these points were vague enough; I had never seen him, which was not curious, consid-ering that he had been laid up with a sprained ankle pretty nearly ever since his arrival at Clifton; but not the less was my curiosity exceedingly keen, so that next to Miss Hawke the person I was most auxious to have a good look at was the youth her father

as, next morning, I walked to Clifto, to spend the day with my relations; and it was, therefore, a coth cidence in its way that I had not been walking ten minutes when I spied the Hawkes' carriage standfluttered me exceedingly; but I had to come abreast of the vehicle before I could see who was in it, and said something to the young fellow who was sitting in the carriage. The old chap did not see me. I walked hurriedly by, taking but a short peep at the young man, who of course, would be no other than Mr. Morecombe. That peep, sharp and brief as it was, did not make me feel very happy, for I am bound to say that Mr. Morecombe was a decidedly good-looking man, apparently about eight-and-twenty, with a large tawny moustache and a well-shaped nose. There was a glass in his eye, and he wore the stick-ups my uncle had sered at. He was dressed in a suit of tweed, with

jeered at. He was dressed in a suit of tweed, with vellow gloves pleaty of shirt-sleeve, and a white deer-stalking hat. Yet there was something mighty affected, I thought, in his pose as he leaned back with a cigarette between his lingers.

I walked quickly past, as I have said, never troubling myself to look behind; but let me repeat, mates, the sight of that man made me feel uncomfortable. He was certainly not the sort of individual I had fancied him. I had figured a somewhat idiotic person, smooth-faced, a sort of compromise between man and woman, with the assurance of the one and the vanity of the other. Instead of which the villain had a masculine appearance, was of my height, as I reckened by his body as he sait in the carriage, unless his legs were short (which I hoped), and was not without breadth of shoulders. I had noticed, with a spasm of jealousy and wrath, the polite, exceedingly gracions manner with which old Hawke had smidd on the youth as he came out of the slop.

pointe, exceedingly gracions manner with which old liawke had smiled on the youth as he came out of the shop.

Mr. Morecombe, I thought, as I stepped out, walking fast in my abstraction, is good-looking, is gentlemanly-looking, he is well connected, his wife will be Lady Morecombe; he may not be well off, but he cannot be poorer than I. Suppose he is the fool my relatives, ay, and Florence Hawke, call him; suppose he talks nonsense about blood; suppose he is a puppy by nature, and the meanest of creatures in intellect? Whoever he marries will some day be her "ladyship," he has a pretty figure for a carriage, or a saddle, or a drawing-room, and he is, no doubt, capable of running very gilbly over a whole catalogue of titled aunts and uncles and cousins. What more does pompous cld Ha. ke wmw? What chance should I stand, who am little better than a shellback, whose father was a lawyer, who have no pretensions to Mr. Reginald Morecombe, selegant and military style, his beautiful moustache, his small hands, and general noble ballroom appearance?

I arrived at my uncle's house in a very dejected, uncomfortable mood, partly induced by the view I had obtained of Mr. Morecombe, and partly by thoughts about my aunt, who, I considered, was acting very unkindly in problibiting her daughters from lending me a hand in my courtship. As I entered the gate I plumped up against Sophie, who was unmistakably hanging about to intercept me.

"It know you wonder why neither Amelia nor I have called upon you."

"Not at all," I answered. "Your papa was with me yesterday, and he explained how matters stand. Why should you call? you have nothing to tell me."

"It is not my fault," cried the amiable girl, speak-

Hawke's opinion to interfere with my chance of wooing his lovely daughter. I had hoped that no reference to the business, in any shape or form, would have been made, and had it rested with my aunt and cousins, nothing, probably, would have been said; but my uncle, who spoke whatever came into his head, tumbled us all into the topic at lunch, by asking Amelia if she had seen Miss Hawke lately. My aunt tried to catch his eye to make a face at him, but he would not look.

"I saw her yesterday, but only to nod to," replied Amelia.

Amelia.

"Does anybody know how young Morecombe is getting on?" continued my urcle. "How's his sprain, can any one tell?"

"It should be well by this time," said Sophie con-

sprain, can any one tell ?"

"It should be well by this time," said Sophie contemptuously.

"I'm not sure," exclaimed my uncle. "A sprain's a bad job. I have known a man to be laid up for twelve weeks with a twisted ankle."

"I saw him in the Hawkes' carriage, as I came here." said I. "His sufferings did not seem acute."

"Was that the first time you had ever seen him?" asked my aunt. I replied that it was.

"What d'ye think of him?" said my uncle.

"That he's a decidedly good-looking fellow, with a very gentlemanly appearance." Sophie seemed to regard me with astonishment. My aunt said: "It is very honorable of you to praise him, Mr. Jack. He is certainly handsome to look at—" "From a distance," interrapted Sophie. "But," continued my aunt, "when you get to know him and converse with him, his looks seem to fade away. I am afraid it is because he has very little intellect."

"The fact is, Jack," said my uncle, "his beauty founders in his imbecility. The moment you stir up his inanity, his appearance gets swamped and sinks. Yet I like to hear you admire the man. It's a nautical touch that pleases me."

"Only Mr. Hawke could endure so silly a person as a guest," observed Amelia.

"Do not let us talk of Mr. Hawke, dear," said my

as a guest," observed Amelia.

"Do not let us talk of Mr. Hawke, dear," said my

aunt. "Sophie, pass the sherry to your cousin, my love."

"Before we shelve old Hawke, Sophia," said my "Before we shelve old Hawke, Sophia," said my uncle, in the manner of one who rises after a dinner to make a speech, "I want to say a word. I told Jack, yesterday, why you object to the girls medding in his love-affairs. He quite understands, as I explained to you, my dear. It is not because you like Mr. Hawke, nor because you approve of his wish to marry his child to an ass, nor because you would not be delighted to see Florence Hawke become Mrs. Jack Seymour; but because you think it's right that people should do as they'd like to be done by; by which I mean that if you were carrying out some marriage speculation for Sophie there, you would not be pleased if Hawke's nephew (supposing he had one) stepped in, backed by Hawke and his family, to stop or thwart or bother you in your little game. There need be no feeling on the subject. Jack is a young man of sense—aren't you, Jack it.

All this was distressing enough to me, and I could

All this was distressing enough to me, and I could only blush and try to smile, and look amiable. My aunt, dragged into a topic she had not wanted to meddle with, was forced to speak.

"I am sorry," said she to me, "to have felt obliged—and I really have felt obliged—to say or do anything that—that you might not think kind. My husband knows, and so do Sophie and Amelia, that I would be very glad to see you the accepted lover of Florence Hawke. Do not imagine I wonder at your admiration of her, or that you should be in love, for I greatly admire Florence myself, and have a warm affection for her. But it was out of the question that Mr. Hawke should be allowed to suppose that we were abetting you against his wishes; nor, in my opinion, would my daughters be acting with propriety, in calling at Clifton Lodge, after what has passed, and under the mask of visiting, as friends helping you in your—your—"

"Affaire de cooer: put it politely, Sophia," said my uncle.

"And so virtually acting as the enemies of Mr.

"Affaire de cooer: put it politely, Sophia," said my uncle.

"And so virtually acting as the enemics of Mr. Hawke," concluded my aunt, who was exceedingly nervous, and extended her hand to Sophie for the fan the girl wore alung by a lanyard to her waist.

"There's no reasoning against that," said my uncle. "Girls, your mother's right. We all of us wish Jack plenty of luck: he deserves it, and in my opinion he'll get it. But he must haul alone. Yes, my lad, it must be a single-handed job. It's a pity; but women are the best judges of what's proper and decorous in behavior, and what your aunt says we're bound to indorse, both of us."

Once more I say all this was very distressing, besides being flat, stale and unprofitable, for it was going over old ground. However, I put on a pleasant face, thanked my aunt for her good wishes, apologized for having been the cause of Mr. Hawke's rudeness, and, by backing and filling, managed to go clear of the confoundedly narrow channel into which my uncle's candid soul had warped me, and then, with a dexterous twist, changed the subject.

[To be Continued.] ! To be Continued.]

# HOME INTERESTS.

MEATS ABUNDANT-THE DEMAND FOR FRUIT. Tanks full of squirming cels, marble slabs on

which lie scarlet heaps of red snappers, and shining piles of countless other varieties of the finny world form a sight which well repays the trouble of a visit to Fulton Market. The enterprising fish-dealers there have made prodigious preparations for the festive season of Thanksgiving now so close at hand. Of the favorite sea food in the market a scarcity of fresh mackerel is alone noticeable. The season for this popular fish will about close with Thanksgiving week. They reach the market now from off the coast of Massachusetts and sell for 13 and 20 cents a pound. But there is ample compensation to be found in the abundant supplies of other kinds. Red snappers weighing fifteen and twenty pounds each can be had at the cheap rate of 10 and 18 cents a pound. This fish is caught in the Gulf f Mexico and is shipped by fast express from Pensaeola, reaching this city as fresh as when first hooked. Epicures seeking "chicken" halibut-little ones weighing three or four pounds-can find them in Fulton Market at 25 cents a pound. Mr. Blackford exhibits a tank full of fine fat eels, which he sells fresh killed and skinned for 20 cents a pound. Cod are in plentiful supply at 7 and 12 cents a pound, Sheepshead, sea bass, black bass from Southern rivers, fresh eaught whitefish and green turtle may be pur-chased for 20 cents a pound, while live lobsters, weakfish, large white perch, fresh caught salmon trout and wall-eyed pike bring 15 cents a pound. Smelts are worth 15 and 25 cents a pound, the higher price being for those caught in Rhode Island waters. Flounders, blackfish and bluefish are plentiful at 12 and 1212 cents a pound, and fresh caught salmon sell for 45 cents, and Spanish mackerel for salmon sell for 45 cents, and Spanish Backerst for 35 cents a pound. Small green pickerel are worth 18 cents, and fresh caught cisco 10 cents a pound. Diamond back terrapin at \$36 a dozen will be a feature of Thanksgiving dinners. Crayfish are worth \$4 a hundred, prawms \$150 a gallon, scallops \$2 a gallon, whitebait 40 cents a pound, hard crabs \$350 a hundred, soft crabs \$150 a dozen, and fregs legs 50 cents a pound. Codiais tongues bring 15 cents a pound, smoked haddock 12½ cents, and smoked salmon 25 cents a pound. Blue Point oysters are worth 75 cents, Saddle Rocks \$3, East Rivers and Shrewsburys \$150, and Morris Coves 75 cents a hundred.

The business of the vegetable vender grows more limited and less brisk with each succeeding week. The blue-green "salads" and "reliabes" and root crops of the fall and winter are fast superseding the cooking vegetables that were so abundant in midsummer. For a "small measure," or two quarts, of sweet potatoes the buyer must pay 15 cents. There is a good display of table celery which brings 15 cents a bunch. Lettace is at 4 cents a head, green peppers are 25 cents a dozen, canliflowers 15 and 30 cents each, radishes 5 cents a bunch, spinach 15 cents a half-peck and garlie 10 cents a bunch. Marrow beans dried are worth 15 cents and dried peas 10 cents a quart. Cranberries cost 20 cents a 35 cents a pound. Small green pickerel are worth

peas 10 cents a quart. Cranberries cost 20 cents a

quart.

Bad weather has interfered somewhat with the Bad weather has interfered somewhat with the business of the poulterers, and as a consequence their racks hang full of turkeys, waterfowl and chickens and tons of these are standing on the sidewalk in barrels. Fowls spoil easily in damp warm weather, and housekeepers do well to avoid the risk of buying until on the eve of Thanksgiving. Prayers for a sharp frost fill the air in the poultry market. The principal interest in the Thanksgiving dinner of course centres in the turkey. That fowl is in abundance in the markets, and if dry-picked and from Philadelphia costs 20 and 25 cents a pound. State and Jersey scalded bring 18 and 20 cents and the Vermont turkey 22 cents a pound. Ducks are worth 20 cents, geese the same, dry-picked fowls in the best condition 18 and 20 cents, and city dressed broilers 16 cents a pound.

20 cents, geese the same, dry-picked fowls in the best condition 18 and 20 cents, and city dressed broilers 16 cents a pound.

The plenty in the other branches of the food business extends to the game supply as well. But the prices are high, for the trade is brisk and the game dealer realizes his golden opportunity. Short saddles of venison are worth 20 cents a pound. There is no lack of it for sale/notwithstanding that some of the States have forbidden the shipment of venison outside of their boundaries, owing to the great slaughter of deer for this and other Eastern markets. Rabbits are 30 and 50 cents and squirrels 25 and 40 cents a pair. Tame pigeons can be had for \$2 50 a dozen, English snipe for the same price, wild pigeons \$1 50, woodcock \$5 cents a pair, prairie chickens \$1 and \$1 25 a pair and quail \$2 50 a dozen. Fresh plover and tame squabs cost \$3 50 a dozen. Fresh plover and tame squabs cost \$3 50 a dozen, reed birds \$1 25 and \$1 50 and fresh snipe and grass plover \$2 50 a dozen. Small birds can be had for 75 cents and \$1 a dozen. Partridges sell for \$1 50 a pair, grouse \$1 10 and \$1 25 a pair, canvas backs \$2 50, black ducks 90 cents, mallard 85 cents, widgeons 50 cents, teal 85 cents, and wood ducks 75 cents a pair.

The prices of meats do not vary from the figures given in The Tribune last Sunday. The retail market for beef, mutton and pork is active, and not withstanding the inconvenience housekeepers are put to because of the crowded and deficient accommodations of Washington Market, that mart

is daily thronged with people. But there is much complaint about the mud and sinsh which they wade through to make their purchases, especially about the meat stands that are temporarily doing business on the sidewalks. The best porterhouse steak was quoted yesterday for 25 cents a pound, sirloin 18 and 20 cents, round steak 16 and 18 cents, choice cuts 18 and 20 cents, chuck roast 12 and 14 cents, and stewing pieces, soup meat and suet 8 and 10 cents a pound. Corned beef could be had for 8 and 14 cents, sheef kidneys 10 and 12 cents, beef tongues 14 cents, smoked beef 16 and 20 cents, and beef tenderloin 40 and 75 cents a pound. Forequarters of mutton brought 8 and 10 cents, hindquarters 12 and 14 cents, mutton shoulders 6 cents, and mutton chops 16 and 18 cents a pound. Hindquarters 10 cents, veal shoulders 12 and 14 cents, cutlets 22 and 25 cents, breast 10 and 12 cents, and loin and leg of veal 18 and 20 cents a pound. Sweetbreads cost \$2 and \$6 a dozen, oxtails \$1 a dozen, corned pork tongues 12 cents a pound, fresh pig's loins 15 cents, boneless shoulders 14 cents, and head-cheese 12 cents a pound.

There is nothing better than puts to finish a

cents a pound, Iresh pigs toms 10 cents, busicess shoulders 14 cents, and head-cheese 12 cents a pound.

There is nothing better than nuts to finish a wholesome dinner with, and the entire list can be found in Washington Market at reasonable prices. Brazil nuts sell for 15 cents a pound, Texas pecans for the same, cracked hickory nuts at 10 cents a quart, or \$1 50 a bushel, black walnuts for \$1 a bushel, Spanish chestnuts 30 cents a quart, or 20 cents a pound, English walnuts 10 cents a pound, and cocoanuts 5 and 8 cents each. Malaga grapes are extremely popular because they are both toothsome and cheap. They cost 15 and 25 cents a pound. Concord grapes are worth 10 cents, Delawares 10 and 16 cents, and Catawbas 15 and 20 cents, while the California grapes are scarce and dear at 50 cents a pound. Large yellow quinces, excellent for preserving purposes, cost \$2 and \$3 a basket, cooking pears \$1 a basket, cooking apples 50 cents and 80 cents a basket, and California pound pears \$5 for a box of 40 pears. Oranges are worth 25 and 60 cents a dozen, lemons 20 cents a dozen, dates and dried currants 10 cents, prunelles 20 cents, and figs and raisins 15 cents a pound.

Butter, as the season advances, rises in price slowly but surely. Table butter, good creamery, is worth 35 cents and cooking butter 20 and 30 cents a pound. Eggs keep along with butter, and bring 35 cents a dozen. Domestic cheese is worth 15 cents a pound.

The Superintendent of Markets has directed that

a pound.

The Superintendent of Markets has directed that the public markets be closed to-morrow and on Charles in Parkets in Parkets in Charles in Parkets in Parket the public markets be closed to-morrow and on Thanksgiving Day at 10 o'clock in the morning.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

SALES AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE NOVEMBER 24, 1883.

THE GENERAL LIST. Actual Sales. Closing Bids. O'p'g. R'g't. Low't Final Bid. Ask d Sold. Canada Pacific. Canada South... Central Pacific. ## 1077 ## 1078 ## 128

| 100ah | 175 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 185 | 18 Total sales of the day ... : Ex-dividend. BONDS AND BANK STOCKS.

CLOSING PRICES OF PHILADELPHIA STOCKS. Reported by Jons H. Davis & Co., 17 Wall-st

SATURDAY, Nov. 24-P. M.

To-day's stock market reflects nothing more than the daily operations of professional traders. The total transactions amounted only to 179,460 shares. We do not remember a day before when there was not one share of Central of New-Jersey bought or sold, but such was the fact to-day, and its quotation all day was 834 2834 against sales last evening at 8334. Taking the market all in all, it was extremely dull; even the operations in Delaware, Lackawanna and Western make a record for the day of only 44,448 shares, against 104,000 shares yesterday. enerally, the closing figures do not show changes from last evening's final prices of more than 1823 per cent, and a majority of the changes are declines; but Wabash preferred, which lately has been the best "pointed" stock for a large advance, shows a decline of 34 per cent. The market closed weak and dull, with two holidays intervening before another business day, as the board adjourned to 10 o'clock Tuesday morning. Government bonds were quiet and steady at

unchanged quotations as follows:



he business done was small but at higher than previous figures. Tennessee compromise bonds were up 3s at 444. Virginia 6s, deferred, were 4 higher at 1014, and Arkansas 7s, to Pine Bluff Ballroad, sold at 30, against 25, the last preceding

sale. There were no transactions in city ban The railroad and miscellaneous bond market was dull, and as a rule prices had to be shaded to accom plish any business beyond that of a small retai character. Missouri, Kansas and Texas firsts and seconds were steady at 107% and 65 respectively. but the general 6s were off 2s at 8312. Central of New-Jersey consols were down at 112, and a disposition was shown to put out sellers' options in the adjustment issue; sales were made at 11412@11414 seller 20 days. New-York, Chicago and St. Louis first 6s were ¼ lower at 103¼. Central and Hudson consol 7s sold at 131@1307s. West Shore first 5s yielded to 7518, but recovered to 7512. Northwests ern debenture 5s yielded to 93, and Chicago, Burlington and Quincy 5s were 1s easier at 927s. Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia consol 5s declined 12 to 7412, and Virginia Midland incomes were off 2 per cent at 68. Midland of New-Jersey firsts sold at 92@923s, and New-York, Susquehanna and Western firsts at 82@8212. Wabash general 6s on sale of one bond were 2<sup>1</sup><sub>2</sub> lower at 73<sup>1</sup><sub>2</sub>. Denver, Rio Grande and Western firsts were <sup>3</sup><sub>4</sub> higher at 71<sup>1</sup><sub>2</sub>. Atlantio and Pacific incomes declined 112 to 2312 and recovered to 2414. Northern Pacific firsts were held firm at 10434@1051s, and New-Orleans and Pacific

firm at 1043, 21051s, and New-Orleans and Pacific firsts were 1s off at 877s.

The Sub-Treasury to-day gained on balance \$387,115, made up by gains of \$225,411 currency and \$161,704 coin. The day's transactions covered: Receipts, \$959,265; payments, \$572,140; currency balance, \$5,978,716; coin balance, \$116,550,480.

The money market at the Stock Exchange for call loans was extensively easy at 2212 per cent. A notable feature in to-day's bank statement is the small reported increase of \$655,990 in deposits, while the other changes call for an increase of \$2,173,690. Ordinarily such a discrepancy would be accounted for by the use of out-of-town bank circulation for shipments to the interior, but now that explanation is hardly consistent with the banks' reported gain of \$393,300 in specie against the known loss to the Sub-Treasury of \$1,886,207 coin, and a gain of \$535,400 legal-tenders, against the known loss to the Sub-Treasury of \$498,347 currency. The statement shows a falsehood; the surplus reserve is represented to be increased from Friday, November 15, \$1,610,725. It probably was less last night than it was November 16.

The following are the comparative totals of the statements of November 17 and November 24:

than it was November 16.

The following are the comparative totals of the statements of November 17 and November 24:

The following shows the relation between the total reserve and the total deposit liabilities: Total reserve. \$82,428,600 \$84,203,300 Inc. \$1,774,70d Reserve required against deposits 78,755,425 78,019,400 Inc. 163,975 Surplus...... \$3,673,175 \$5,283,900 Inc. \$1,610,925

Surphis........\$5,673,175 \$5,283,900 Inc. \$1,610,925 The Clearing-House statement to-day was as follows: For the day—Exchanges, \$101,530,443; balances, \$4,284,966. For the week—Exchanges, \$682,451,400; balances, \$28,333,264. The customs receipts reported at Washington today were \$592,272, and the internal revenue receipts \$406,736. The United States Treasury received \$534,000 National bank notes for redemption, and the receipts for the week were as follows:

1852. \$650,000 608,000 153,000 673,000 1883. \$1,172,000 836,000 234,000 781,000 \$2,084,000 \$3,053,000

The United States Treasury now holds \$353,-045,800 United States bonds to secure National bank circulation: bonds deposited for circulation during the week, \$1,064,500; bonds withdrawn during the week, \$1,197,000. National bank circulation outstanding—Currency notes, \$350,209,812; gold notes. \$737,194.

In London British consols were steady at 1019-16 for money, and were 1-16 easier at 1019s for account. United States bonds were unchanged; 4s at 125 15-16, and 4½ at 1167s. As usual the quo-

count. United States bonds were unchanged; 4s at 125 15-16, and 4½s at 1167s. As usual the quotations for American railways were only reflections of the preceding day's closing prices in the home market; hence the London quotations are lower than they were yesterday. At Paris French 3 per cents were a trifle better at 77.75 francs.

It may be of interest to readers to learn that the Henry & Bonnard Bronze Manufacturing Company, which has just completed the Washington status for Wall-st, was established in New-York City in February last, with a capital of \$200,000, divided into 100,000 shares. The success of this new industry is illustrated by the fact that the company has paid, in August last, an earned semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent; and the numerous orders it has booked in advance, from foreign countries as well as from American establishments, prove it to be both an international and industrial success. It is understood that the directors of the company contemplate enlarging their manufacturing facilities in order to meet the constant increase of orders they receive from all quarters, and will put in the market a portion of the shares it held in reserve, in certificates of five shares each and upward. In these times of cheap money, and considering the great scarcity of profitable investments for idle capital, there is little doubt that if the directors finally decide to put some of the stock in the market, it will be promptly taken up.

Imports of merchandise in New-York:

For the week:

1881.

1882.

1883.

1883.

1884.

1885.

For the week: 1881, 1982, Dry goods \$1,503,408 \$1,798,793 General merchandise, 5,060,592 5,742,087 For the week. \$7,4-4,000 \$7,540,880 \$9,470,881 Previously reported, 300,743,107 445,107,988 408,303,330

Total since fan 1. \$398,227,107 \$452,738,878 \$414,863,911 Exports of specie from New-York: Total since Jan. 1.. \$10,562,771 \$44,226,359 \$14,376,788

Imports of specie at New-York. | 1881 | 1892 | 1888 | 1892 | 1889 | 1892 | 1889 | 1892 | 1893 | 1893 | 1894 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | 1895 | Total since Jan. 1.. \$54,042,217 \$5,788,718 \$19,407,53\$

THE PETROLEUM MARKET. NEW-YORK, Nov. 24.

From the sheer indifference of the leading "bull" operators, the speculation in Pipe Line certificates to-day was dull and weak. The realization of profits during the last few days fully accounts for the decline in prices, but in spite of this the temper of traders was such that a sharp rally probably could have been effected to day had the leading operators been disposed to bring it about. As it was, the net result of the day's operations about. As if was, the net result of the day's operations is a decline from \$1 184,81 1878 to \$1 1719, with traders left either "short of the market or ready to buy on a renewed upward movement. Until after the Evacuation Day ceremonies are over, however, little action need be looked for on the part of New-York dealers.

The New-York Exchange will be practically open all day Monday. The Consolidated Exchange will be closed. The range of prices and the total dealings were as follows:

Final Sates, barrels Clearances yesterday Elsewhere the clearances were: Oil City, 11,394,000; Bradford, 8,008,000; Putsburg, 7,160,000 barrels. There was no change in the price of refined.

## Financial.

A LOAN OF \$15,000 for one year 6 per cent A wanted to extend manufacturing business in this city; sales cash; profits large, security ample; thorough investigation invited. Address HOWE, Tribune Office. A MANUFACTURING COMPANY, this city,

A MANUFACTURING CONTAIN, this expenses a stabilished several years, dividend paying, will increase capital to extend business; limited amount stock offered at participations guaranteed. Address Conservative, Tribune office.

C OUPONS OF THE BONDS OF THE CITY OF GALVESTON, due December 1, will be paid at the office of American Loan and Trust Company, 113 Broadway.

D. D. SNOW, Secretary.

NEW-YORK, NOV. 22, 1883. BANK OF THE MANHATTAN CO.

Stockholders who may be unable to attend the election for twelve Directors of this Bank, to be held on the 4th day of December next, are requested to send their proxies to either of the undersigned Directors. GEORGE D. H. GILLESPIE.

WM. H. SWAN, 78 South-st. GEORGE W. SMITH, 18 South-st.
EDGAR S. AUCHINCLOSS, JOHN S. KENNEDY,

NEW-YORK AND NEW-ENGLAND R. R. The undersigned hereby solicit Proxics for voting at the Annual Meeting, December 11, 1883.

The effort will be made to secure a change of management whereby greater efficiency, asterly and harmony with counseting lines can be obtained; and it is believed that unner the altered conditions proposed the line can be made profitable, and the discredit now attaching to it be removed.

LEE, HIGGINSON & CO., 44 State-at., Beston.

CHASE & HIGGINSON, 24 Pinest., New-York.

Blank forms can be obtained upon application at the offices

THE TRANSFER BOOKS of this company will be closed from 2 o'clock p.m. Nov. 17 to the marning of Dec. 3.

I. C. BABCOCK, Treasurer